A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

Written by a Person of Honour.

WEre I, who to my cost already am,
One of those strange, prodigious creatures Man;
A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey or a Bear:
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
His Senses are too grosse; and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five:
And before certain Instinct, will prefer
Reason, which Fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the Light of nature Sense behind.
Pathless, and dangerous, wandring wayes, it takes,
Through errors fenny Bogs, and Thorny Brakes:
Whil'st the mis-guided follower thinks, with pain,
Mountains of Whimseys, heap'd in his own brain;
Stumbling from thought, to thought, falls headlong down
Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy:
In hopes still to o'retake the skipping Light,
The Vapour dances, in his Dazling sight,
Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal night.
Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
Leads him to Death, makes him to understand,
After a search so painful, and so long,
That all his Life, he has been in the wrong.

Hulled in Dirt, the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture, to be made a wretch:
His Wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know, what World he ſhould enjoy.
And Wit was all his frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own expence.
For Wits are treated juſt like Common Whores;
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of doors.
The pleaſure paſt, a threatning doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with ſucceeding pains.
Women, and men of Wit, are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
Pleaſure allures, and when the ſopps eſcape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now methinks ſome formal Band and Beard,
Takes me to Task; Come on Sir, I'me prepar'd:
Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly, but you'l take care
Upon this point, not to be too ſevere,
Perhaps my Muſe were fitter for this part,
For I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On Wit, which I abhor with all my heart:
I long to laſh it, in ſome ſharp Eſſay,
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my Tyde of Ink, another way.
What rage foments, in your degen'rate mind,
To make you rail at reaſon, and mankind?
Bleſt Glorious man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
An Everlaſting Soul hath freely given:
Whom his great Maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the Image take,
And this fair frame in ſhining reaſon dreſt,
To dignifie his Nature above Beaſt:
Reaſon, (by whoſe aſpiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material ſenſe,)
Dives into Myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming limits of the Univerſe,
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the World true ground of hope and fear.

Hold mighty man I cry; all this we know,
From the pathetick pen of *Ingelo*,
From *Patricks* Pilgrim, *Sibbs* Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very Reaſon I deſpiſe,
This ſupernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
Comparing his ſhort life, void of all reſt,
To the Eternal, and the ever bleſt,
This buſie puſhing ſtirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep myſteries, then finds them out;

Filling with Frantick crouds, of thinking Fools,
The Reverend Bedlams, Colledges and Schools,
Born on whose wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
The Limits of the boundless Universe:
So Charming Oyntments make an old Witch flye,
And bear a crippled Carkass through the Skie.
'Tis the exalted poor, whose business lies
In Nonsence and Impossibilities:
This made a Whimsical Philosopher,
Before the spacious World his Tubb prefer:
And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions Government;
Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
Our Sphere of action is lifes happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence:
That bounds desires, with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vogue, and not to kill:
Your Reason hinders; mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.
My Reason is my friend, yours is a Cheat:
Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
Perversly yours, your Appetite does mock:
This asks for food, that answers what's a Clock.

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures:
'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
Thus, I think Reason righted; But for man,
I'le ne're recant, defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philosophie,
'Tis evident Beasts are, in their own Degree,
As Wise at least, and Better far, than he.
Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain
By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore *Jowler* finds, and kills, the Hares
Better than man supplies Committee Chairs;
Though one's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound;
Jowler in Justice will be wiser found.
You see how far mans Wisdom here extends:
Look next if Human Nature makes amends;
Whose principles are most Generous and Just;
And to whose morals, you would sooner trust:
Be Judge your self, I'le bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast:
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey;
But salvage Man alone, does Man Betray.
Prest by Necessity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himself no good.
With Teeth, and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they Hunt,
Natures allowance, to supply their want:

But man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendſhips, Praiſe,
Inhumanly, his fellows life betrayes,
With voluntary pains, works his diſtreſs;
Not through Neceſſity, but Wantonneſs.
For hunger, or for love they bite or tear,
Whilſt wretched man is ſtill in arms for fear.
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid:
From fear, to fear, ſucceſſively betray'd.
Baſe fear, the ſource, whence his beſt paſſions came,
His boaſted Honor, and his dear bought Fame:
The Luſt of Pow'r, to which he's ſuch a ſlave,
And for the which alone, he dares be brave:
To which his various projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him Generous, Affable and Kind:
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrues his actions, in a forc't diſguiſe:
Leads a moſt tedious life, in miſery,
Under laborious, mean Hypocriſie.
Look to the Bottom of his vaſt deſign,
Wherein man's Wiſdom, Pow'r and Glory joyn;
The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Meerly for ſafety, after fame they thirſt,
For all men would be Cowards if they durſt:
And honeſty's againſt all common ſenſe,
Muſt men be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence,
Mankind's diſhoneſt; if you think it fair,
Amongſt known Cheats, to play upon the ſquare,
You'le be undone.——
Nor can weak Truth, your reputation ſave;
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o're, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſſer Villain, than the reſt.
Thus here you ſee, what Human Nature craves,
Moſt men are Cowards, all men ſhould be Knaves.
The Difference lyes, as far as I can ſee,
Not in the thing it ſelf, but the Degree:
And all the ſubject matter of Debate,
Is only who's a Knave, of the firſt Rate.

FINIS.